

THE TRIBUNE.

From "The Bridal of Penzance" in the Democratic Review.
THE INDIAN CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The soft black brows of men—the yell
Of women thronging round the bed—
The tinkling charm of ring and shell—
The Powah whispering o'er the dead!—
All these the Sachem's home had known.
When, on her journey long and wild
To the dim world of souls, alone,
In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling
They had her in the walnut shade,
Where a green hillock, gently swelling,
Her fitting mound of burial made.

Then trailed the vine in Summer hours—
The tree-parched squirrel dropped his shell—
On velvet moss and pale-hued bower,

[fall] Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine
The Indian's heart is hard and cold—
It closes darkly o'er its care.

And, formed in Nature's stormiest mould,
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.

The war-paint on the Sachem's face,

Unveiled with tears, like clouds and red.

And, still in battle or in chase,

Dry leaf and snow time crept beneath his forenoon.

Yet, when her name was heard he no more,

And when the robe her mother gave.

And small, light morsels do we—

Had shown on her grave.

Unmarked by him the dark mists spread

The upward sun and moon lit play;

No other shared his lonely bed.

No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes

The tempest-tossed tree revives

From out the bark which holds the which climbs

Its topmost sprout and crowning leaves.

So from his child the Sachem drew

A life of Love and Hope, and felt

His cold and rugged nature through

The softness and the warmth of her young being

A laugh which in the woodland ring,

Beneath Apple-bard's craggy form which sprang

To meet him when his step was heard—

Eyes by his side, his lion flashing dark.

Small fingers strung beard and shell,

Or weaving mats of bright hank—

With these the household god had graced his wig—

warned.

Child of the Forest!—strong and free;

Slight robed, with loosely flowing hair,

She swam the lake or climbed the tree,

Or struck the flying bird in air.

Over the heaped drifts of Winter's moon

Her snow shoe tracked the hunter's way;

And dazzling in the Summer noon [spray]

The blade of her light our throw'd its shower of

Unknown to her the rigid rule.

The dull restraint, the chiding frown.

The weary torture of the school,

The taming of wild nature down.

Her only love, the legends told.

Around the hunter's fire at night;

Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,

Flowers bloomed and snow-dakes fell, unquestioned

in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill

With which the artiste can trace

In rock and tree, and lake, and hill.

The outlines of divinest grace;

Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest.

Which sees, admires, yet years away;

Too closely on her mother's breast

To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be.

Of common, natural things a part:

To feel with bird and stream and tree

The pulses of the same great heart;

But we, from Nature long exiled,

In our cold homes of Art and Thought,

Grieve like the stranger-tended child.

Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels

them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom

In cultured soil and genial shade,

To cloud the light of Fashion's room

Or drop in Beauty's midnight hair;

In lonlier grace, to sun and dew.

The sweet-briar on the hill-side shows

Its single leaf and faint hue,

But still wild, yet still a sister rose!

Thus over the heart of Wextamo

Their mingling shades of joy and ill

The instincts of their nature—

The sage who walks the sunill.

Most outlined line of maiden schemes.

Heart-colored sunrises of life.

Rose on the ground of her young dreams

The light of a new home—the lover and the wife!

"The Indians" say Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wessano, who presides over the household."

ARTIFICIAL ARM.—Mr. Phelps of this city has made an ingenious constructor of trusses, abdominal supports, and other useful apparatus completed an artificial arm last week for a lady in Maine, which is an admirable substitute for the lost member. He took a cast, in plaster of the limb on the left side, and then matched it in wood. The elbow works delightfully; the wrist has both flexion and rotation, and all the fingers, and even the thumb, which has the true ball and socket joint, are so skilfully made, that when gloved, no gentleman who was permitted to take her arm under his own, would mistrust that it was a wooden one. Nearly half the arm, from the shoulder down, was preserved for a stump, which is held in place by attachments to a thoracic belt, analogous to common stays. By the same direction the lady chooses can be given to the extensibility; but the flexion and extension is already brought about by the other hand.

We regard the contrivance in the light of a very valuable appendage, since symmetry is preserved, and the lady can carry an indispensable as gracefully on the tip of one of her sound crop of fingers, as she ever dangled on one of the old ones.—While viewing, with astonishment, the beauty and perfection of this specimen of Mr. Phelps's infinite power, a fragment of an antique ballad came to mind:

"Nature teacheth was the text
Of ancient Hippocrates,
But we shall find Nature next,
The force of Art so great!"

[Dr. Smith's Boston Medical Journal.]

Avoid a person's that all law. Remember the more a person talks the less he knows. It's your lean gene that's always crackling—not the fat cause. Recollect this, and avoid men that's got the gift of " gab," as you would those that had the gift of measles.

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